

The Cliche of The Cliche: Part One

by Pinto

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Summary: Don't worry, this is in honor of Steve-0's hilarious Cliche stories.

The Cliche of The Cliche: Part One

****Author's Absolutely Worthless Pointless Note**:** Hey Steve-0. I am writing this in honor of you. So don't flame me. _Other people:_ If you didn't like Steve 0's Cliche stories, don't read this. Trust me. This is even worse.

The Animorphs found themselves in Cassie's barn meeting about their next move against the Yeerks.

"So fearless leader, now what." Marco asked.

"I dunno." Jake replied.

****Jake, you have to have a plan. You can't just say, I dunno.****

"Who is that?!" Rachel asked angrily.

"Steve-0?" Cassie questioned.

****Oh, no. This is much worse. I am Pinto. The author with an over blown ego.****

"Marco would get along great with this nutcase." Rachel sneered.

"Hey!" Marco exclaimed angrily.

Suddenly another person walked in. No one knew who he was.

"Okay, who is _that_?" Jake asked, agitated. "We are _supposed_ to be having a meeting here..."

"Hi!" The person exclaimed enthusiastically. "I'm Steve-0."

< Wait a minute...> Tobias thought. < Isn't he supposed to have powerful writing, not just plain speech?> Everyone looked around in confusion.

"Nope." Steve-0 said. "I'm not writing this story. In fact, if I had a choice, I wouldn't be in this story."

"I have to say I don't want to be in this story either." Cassie said.

****Aren't you supposed to be the compassionate one, Cassie? You hurt my feelings.****

Cassie snorted. "Hah. Not to strange fan fic writers like you."

"Strange?" Rachel laughed. "Let's try pointless. There is no plot to this story."

Ax looked confused.

"This is an insult to fan-fics....if there is such a thing." Marco added.

****So. You guys want a plot, huh?****

Suddenly the Animorphs and Steve-0 found themselves in a bowling alley wearing lame bowling clothes.

****There. How's that for a plot?****

Rachel looked in disgust at her clothes. "This is not a plot. This is just plain lame."

< And what does this have anything to do with the story?> Tobias asked angrily.

Ax still looked confused.

****Fine, fine. Give me a minute....um what would be a good plot? Hmmm...I got it!****

With an impressive flash of light, the Animorphs found themselves playing darts.

"Oh, man. This author REALLY sucks." Jake whined.

"I'm still not seeing a plot here." Rachel tapped her foot impatiently.

Steve-0 spoke up for the first time in a while. "Maybe you should try a plot filter..."

****A plot filter....I don't know...I think that would screw things up even worse.****

"I don't think it's possible to screw things up any worse. Consider this story a failure." Marco said.

"No....not yet." Steve-0 said thoughtfully. "Maybe this story can still be saved.

"What story? This is not a story." Cassie said impatiently. "I have other things to do, you know."

Just a minute. I promise that I will come up with a good plot this time. Give me one more chance.

"Fine. But then I am out of here." Jake grumbled.

Everyone agreed with him.

Ax just stood there looking confused.

Suddenly another amazingly bright flash of light blanked out the scene. As they could see once again, they saw a town that looked a lot like theirs. Suddenly five teens that looked similar to the Animorphs came walking up.

"Oh no, you don't. You are not going to bring the Ani-tv crew in here. That plot is way overused." Cassie said in disgust.

"The least you could have done is come up with an original plot." Jake said, while rolling his eyes. "I'm gone." He snapped his fingers and disappeared.

"Me too." Cassie said. She also disappeared.

"Me three." Rachel said. She shimmered and was gone.

Before Marco, Tobias, and Ax could say anything they disappeared.

Steve-0 was the only one left. "Sorry, Pinto. I tried to help, but this story was a lost cause. I guess I'll go too." He went to snap his fingers, but decided to try something original. He patted his head while rubbing his tummy and disappeared.

Soon the background disappeared. Pinto was left with a blank whiteness.

Oh man. Even the background ditched me. Oh well. I'll do better next time in The Cliche of The Cliche, Part Two! Muhahahahahah...aw, never mind.

> <p>Suddenly Steve-0 jumped onto the blankness and shouted, "One and three fourths!! " He started to laugh. Pinto ended the story before it had a chance to start again.....<p>

End
file.